

FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR

CREEPY

A WARREN
MAGAZINE

FOC

REEPY
24
SCMBER

A Slithering Selection
Of Terror Tales
Guaranteed To
Give You The Creeps!

40c





SOME OF YOU FRIENDLY FENDIES TIRED OF YOUR PRESENT HUMDRUM EXISTENCE, LIKE A LITTLE CHANGE? THEN LET'S LOOK IN ON SOME ANCIENT FEAR FORMULAS FOR BECOMING A WEREWOLF IN...

CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

IT WAS WIDELY BELIEVED IN THE MIDDLE AGES THAT THE DEVIL HIMSELF MADE GIFTS OF BELTS OR SKINS OF WOLVES TO SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS. WHEN WORN, THE OWNER WOULD BE TRANSFORMED INTO A WOLF WITH ALL ITS AWESOME POWER AND LUSTS!



ANCIENT ROMANS BELIEVED A WEREWOLF WAS SOMEONE WHO COULD TURN HIS SKIN INSIDE OUT IN HUMAN FORM. THE SUSPECTED WEREWOLF'S FUR WOULD BE GROWING INWARD. FINAL PROOF AT MANY TRIALS, CONSEQUENTLY INVOLVED PARTIAL SKINNING OF THE ACCUSED!



UNLucky INNOCENTS COULD BE TRANSFORMED INTO WEREWOLVES BY DRINKING WATER FROM THE FOOTPRINT OF A WEREWOLF, OR BY TASTING THE WATER OF A STREAM FROM WHICH A WEREWOLF HAD ALSO DRUNK... SOMETIMES TURNING HUNTERS INTO THE VERY PREY THEY STALKED!



CREEPY

NO. 24

PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN EDITOR: BILL PARENTE COVER: GUTENBERG MONTEIRO
ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: Tom Sutton Reed Crandall Tony Williamsone Steve Duko Jerry Grasdenetti
Dan Atkins WRITERS THIS ISSUE: George Hagenauer Archie Goodwin

CONTENTS



Page 5



Page 18



Page 20



Page 22

BLACK MAGIC

A bit of weird wizardry conjured up by Uncle Creepy

5



Page 30

YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME

Charming Cindy Pierce brings back a sinister souvenir from forbidden Tahiti

13



Page 33

THE DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY

A lachrimous look into the frightening future

20

ROOM FOR A GUEST

Spend a good night's fright in this doom room reserved especially for you.

28



Page 42

CREEPY FAN CLUB

Rollick through this fan frolic of frazzling folk gore and paralyzing pose woes.

37

TYPE CAST

Method actor Roland Bryce brings too much realism to horror roles

38



45

Page 46

A SILVER DREAD AMONG THE GOLD

A chilling legend turns into an icy treasure of frozen terror.

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY



Congratulations! Your bewildering mag has taken a staggering step back in the right direction. Cover on CREEPY #22 was great, please keep Tom Sutton as a regular on the cover and interior art. Only two complaints, stop reprinting and hold onto your good artists. My favorites this issue were "No Fair", "Strange Expedition" and "Perfect Match". Keep up the good work UNC STEVEN CURTISS Knoxville, Tenn.

Thank you for the courteous compliments Curtiss . . . but just cause you got stuck drawing all my dread drivels . . . what makes you think I got drunk on the gunk!

I've been a faithful follower since CREEPY #8 and #22 was the greatest yet! "No Fair" was tops, the height of excellence in horror. "The Judge's House", "Perfect Match" and "Home Is Where" in that order were also very good. Finally, "Monster Rally" and "Strange Expedition" were last, but fair. Let's have more stuff like that and more cover work by Sutton. The cover on #22 was simply . . . CREEPY!

STEVE CHAMBER
Grayson, Mich.

Well from one chilling chamber to another . . . glad you enjoyed chomping on a chunk of my thotie conundrum!

CREEPY #22 was a rare oddity that filled my black little heart with horror! The cover was truly a masterpiece of blinding terror and the stories, just ghoulish! I want to compliment you on your

stories "The Judge's House" and "No Fair". Hope you keep putting more ghouls and vampires in future issues.

BILL MOONEY
Cameron, Mo.

About the future from friend . . . it looks like our grubby gang of ghoulish goblins has cornered the mangle market on monster mush. But don't feel yet . . . next time I see you drop into our gallows, my betty bite boddies have promised to show you a swinging time . . . heh!

CREEPY #22 was just great! "Monster Rally" has to be the best story this month, with "Home Is Where" and "The Judge's House" tying for a second. Please keep Reed Crandall under your cloak; he's tremendous! I have two complaints. The first is the science fiction in your magazine. Frankly I don't think it belongs there. Science fiction belongs in science fiction magazines in CREEPY, only ghosts, werewolves, vampires and monsters should be featured. My second complaint is more of a question. When are you gonna go to put more color in your stories. Then you have every excuse in the world to call yourselves the greatest magazine in the universe!

STEVE PRUITT
Lexington, Kentucky

Why'd never do that Steve . . . after your celestial sojourning word'd be a bit nervous filling any SPACE with that searing statement! About your second shout though . . . if it's color you crave . . . case inquest, maybe I can get one of the feature creatures in here to perk up our perched pegs. Any objections to bright red?

Issue #22 was the best. If for one story, which isn't saying much considering the da clinching quality of your mag. That story was "No Fair". Sutton's artwork has improved remarkably and of the original leads this time, his was the best. The story itself was inspired and neatly done, and the ending would have been a complete surprise had it not been given away on the cover. You showed a certain amount of courage in giving the children ages of evil in earnest as this is not very popular with the gentle minded. The rest of the stories were negligible. "Home Is Where" was insipid but the art was good. "Monster Rally" good, but a repeat "Strange Expedition", another stupid werewolf? "The Judge's House", another blasted reprint and "Perfect Match", the worst, with lousy artwork and a banal plot. It's set

ting ambarassing having everyone turn out to be a vampire or a werewolf. The cover was good, the best since CREEPY #17. Why don't you print my letter?

LARRY KONG
Sheffield, Mo.

How can I say no to a king . . . old thing . . . so okay, now you're really in a spot . . . of ink that is! And where're YOU getting embarrassed about . . . it's the monsters that keep changing their wardrobe.

I'd say you guys have really come with a masterpiece in CREEPY #22! Terrific! Out of all the marvelous stories, I enjoyed "No Fair" the best. Sutton and Parmenter really did a job on that one. I liked the other stories too, a good reason being that they were new, not reprints. I hope in future issues you keep dreams up tales like those in CREEPY #22.

STEPHEN MASUTANI
Hilo, Hawaii

A halo is on the way to Hilo, Steve . . . for all that heavenly praise you said! I can't promise any dream schemes though w/ a couple of nightmares like Parmenter and Sutton around. You should've seen the remains of the rotted rascal THEY rummaged up . . . yicchhh!

Overall, CREEPY #22 was a pretty good book. In my opinion, a couple of stories fit the best stuff since #16. By far the best story was the cover story, "No Fair". Tom Sutton did a good job on the front end and the artwork was really great! Congrats to Parmenter on this one. It was a great piece of work, a real masterpiece. "The Judge's House" was also very good although in "Home Is Where", I expected something of a better ending. "Strange Expedition" and "Perfect Match" were good also and so too was "Monster Rally" except for what it produced (UGH). Boy am I disappointed Unc, I always thought you were strictly from hunger!

JOHN NORWOOD
Miami, Florida

You're just lucky your spunkily ugly wasn't slamspeezed . . . what a set of insanity that would've been . . . hrrrr . . .

I have just purchased ghostly issue #22 and have relished every moment of it. Keep at least six or seven stories each issue and maybe a CREEPY classic sometime. The best story this issue was "Monster Rally" and "Home

Is Where" ran a close second. By the way, what was in that last doof? "No Fair" and "Strange Expedition" had me howling for more, yummy both of them. The CREEPY Fan Club was a tasty dessert to add the perfect mello of humor.

FELIPE MENDOZA
Albany, New York

You just keep stuffing your saucy with my delicious dare face Falpa . . . and maybe I'll do you a favor and tell you what's in that room behind our doom door.

I just read CREEPY #22 and it was a real blast ish. "Home Is Where" was very good, especially the art work by Pat Boyette. "Monster Rally" had a good plot also, but the biggest surprise and best story, well it had to be "No Fair" and the cover pic but that went with it was out of sight! However, "Strange Expedition", "The Judge's House", and "Perfect Match" all left something to be desired. However I'll forgive you because the other three were so fantastic. Keep up with original stuff!

BOY WHITSON
Elanger, Kentucky

To fill all your desirez boy . . . and his . . . a thing with a thirst will be visitin' you tonight . . . after sundown! But don't worry wort . . . just keep a stiff upper vein and you won't mind the pain . . . In the neck that is!

You have with CREEPY #22, reached your former excellence in both art and script. As seen on the beautiful cover this issue, Tom Sutton should become your permanent cover artist. Now as I remove my orbz from the outside work to the inside what to see but four, new stoners! Too bad "Loathsome Lore" wasn't in the issue. Definitely the best story was "No Fair", again illustrated by the new master, Tom Sutton. Second best, "Home Is Where" which was penciled by another good artist, Pat Boyette. His use of wash made his art really exciting. A promising artist is newcomer Ernie Colon. His work in "Strange Expedition" was better than average.

ROGER GERBERDING
Bradley, Illinois

And KEEP those orbz out for more of my mark work hog . . . old Unc has plenty of junk to jar your sockets right out of their pockets.

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to:
CREEPY LETTERS
12 E. 42nd St., NYC 10017

EUROPE, DURING
THE DARK AGES.
IN THE DESCENDING
TWILIGHT, AN AGED
TRAVELER PAUSES
IN HIS JOURNEY...

I SEEK THE WIZARD
VALDAR... IS IT HERE
HE WORKS HIS ARTS?

OUR RULER'S COURT
MAGICIAN... SEEK HIM
NOT, ANCIENT ONE!
FEW ARE SO POWERFUL
NONE MORE EVIL!



NO SENSE IN WAITING AROUND, FELLOW FIENDS... THERE'S SOME **NEFARIOUS**
NECROMANCY UNDERWAY IN THE CASTLE AHEAD, AND YOU'LL WANT TO BE ON HAND
FOR SOME **SINISTER SORCERY** AS VALDAR STRETCHES TO THE LIMIT HIS POWERS OF...

BLACK MAGIC



BEHOLD! THE POWERS OF
THE UNKNOWN! UNLEASHED
... UNCONTROLLABLE...





WHY HURRY, WALDAR? SURELY WE'VE NOT SEEN ALL YOUR MAGIC! WHAT OF YOUR SPELLS AND CHARM'S AND LOVE POTIONS?

HOW DARE YOU LAY HANDS ON MY PERSON?

AWAY! THINK MY FAVORS ARE TO BE GRANTED TO EVERY LADY-IN-WAITING AND CHAMBERMAID?

WALDAR... PLEASE!

WHY SETTLE FOR THE AFFECTIONS OF ANYONE FROM THIS COURT WHEN I CAN CHOOSE FROM THE AGES! I'M READY... I CAN FEEL IT!

SIMON!

YOU LOOT! ARISE! WE'VE BUSINESS TO ATTEND

...IN THE CRYPTS!

M-MASTER, PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T... WE'VE NO RIGHT TO DISTURB THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD!

RIGHT IS WHAT MY MAGIC MAKES IT, DOLT! AND THE DEAD BUT OBJECTS FOR OUR USE?

TOO LONG HAVE I STAYED MY SKILLS. PERFORMING LIKE A JESTER FOR THE FOOLS OF THE COURT! TONIGHT, SIMON, I ENACT THE SUPREME SORCERY... THE RAISING OF THE DEAD!

IS THIS THE USE TO WHICH YOU PUT THE SKILLS I TAUGHT YOU, WALDAR? SHAME!





THE OLD MAN'S SHOUTS AND WARNINGS ARE LEFT FAR BEHIND AS VALOAR'S TORCH GUIDES THEM DEEP INTO THE TOMB'S MUSTY DARKNESS...

THIS IS THE ONE! THE LADY ROWENA... HER BEAUTY IS LEGEND!

B-BUT... SHE'S BEEN DEAD NEAR A HUNDRED YEARS!

LABORIOUSLY, THE LONG-DECAYED BURDEN IS TRANSPORTED FROM ITS RESTING PLACE...



UP WINDING STONE STAIRS, THROUGH SILENT ARCHED CORRIDORS, TO THE SINISTER GLOOM OF THE SORCERER'S CHAMBERS

MNSTRS SANG OF THE FAIR FLESH THAT ROUNDED THESE BONES... NOW I'LL CALL IT UP FOR OUR CENTURY TO BEHOLD!



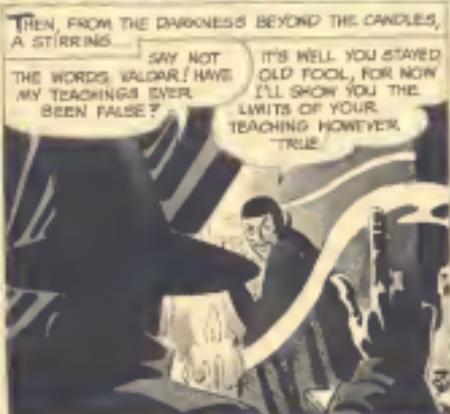
THEN, FROM THE DARKNESS BEYOND THE CANDLES, A STIRRING

SAY NOT THE WORDS, VALOAR! HAVE MY TEACHINGS EVER BEEN FALSE?

IT'S WELL YOU STAYED OLD FOOL, FOR NOW I'LL SHOW YOU THE LIMITS OF YOUR TEACHING. HOWEVER, TRUE.

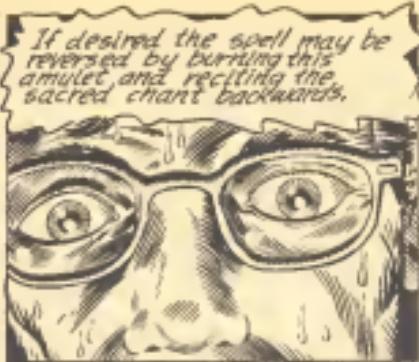
ONCE STARTED IT CANNOT BE STOPPED! DON'T DO IT!!!

REGIUS MALLEUM
... SHIBBIETH
HOSTARE VEX...









DRAG YOUR DOOM-DOOM DRUMS INSIDE
DEMANICS... I'M BUBBLING SOME BLACK
ART BREW FOR ALL YOUR STARVING
SORCERERS! HANG YOUR HEAPS ON
THAT HAGGLE HOOK! WHY DON'T YOU AND
LET'S BEGIN THIS MALAISANT MASTERS-
PIECE OF MAGIC ENTITLED...

IN THE BEGINNING I IGNORED CYNO'S
FOOLISH RITUALS... BLAMING HER STRANGE
BEHAVIOR ON THAT ACCIDENT, BUT SLOWLY SHE
SLIPPED FURTHER INTO AN INNE-BELIEVE
WORLD OF SECRET GIANTS... CURIOS
CHARMS SHE HID ABOUT THE PLACE... AND
AN INANE INTEREST IN...

YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME!











PHEW... THAT'S ROTTEN LUCK FOR YOU... CRAFTY CINDY WASTING ALL THAT SLIME TRYING TO KEEP APPEARANCES UP. GUESS CRUSTY CARTER JUST DIDN'T HAVE THE ENTHUSIASM FOR IT... OH SO... THAT'S THE WAY THE CADAVER CRUMBLIES... BURFANE...

MONSTER WORLD



NO. 1—COLLECTOR'S EDITION

MONSTER WORLD



NO. 2—THE MONSTERS

MONSTER WORLD



NO. 3—THE SHE CREATURE

MONSTER WORLD



NO. 4—LETTER TO LEE

MONSTER WORLD



NO. 5—KARLOFF'S NEAREST

**USE THIS COUPON
TO GET VALUABLE
BACK ISSUES OF**

MONSTER WORLD

MONSTER WORLD



NO. 6—HOLIDAY ISSUE

MONSTER WORLD BACK ISSUES DEPT.

P.O. Box 28827 • Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

All Copies Mailed
in a Sturdy Envelope
for Protection

- Rush me the #1 COLLECTOR'S EDITION. Enclosed is \$2.00.
 Rush me issue #2 of MONSTER WORLD. Enclosed is \$1.00.
 Rush me the Great She Creature issue #3. Enclosed is \$1.00.
 Rush me the Great Boris Karloff issue #4. Enclosed is \$1.00.
 Rush me the Great Cool Xmas issue #5. Enclosed is \$1.00.
 Rush me the Great Frankenstein issue #6. Enclosed is 75¢.
 Rush me the Great Dr. X issue #8. Enclosed is 75¢.
 Rush me the Great Addams Family issue #9. Enclosed is 75¢.
 Rush me the Great Super-Heroes issue #10. Enclosed is 75¢.

NO. 7—FRANKENSTEIN'S SON

MONSTER WORLD



NO. 8—FRANKENSTEIN'S SON

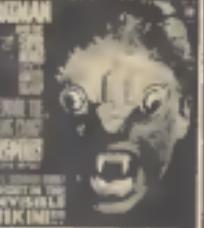
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

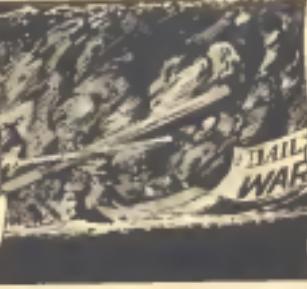
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

MONSTER WORLD



NO. 10—SUPER HEROES

PROLOGUE: IT BEGINS FAR UNDERGROUND LIKE THE BURROW OF SOME LARGE FORGOTTEN ANIMAL AND TUNNELS UPWARD... BUT IN IT'S OWN WAY, THIS CARVED CHANNEL OF DAMP MUDDY EARTH IS A MUSEUM...



SCATTERED AND STREWN IN THE MOIST CLINISING EARTH OF THE TUNNEL'S FLOOR ARE RELICS... OBJECTS OF THE PAST NO LONGER USEFUL EXCEPT AS CURIOSITIES, ABANDONED WHEN THEY CEASED TO FUNCTION...



SOUVENIRS OF ANOTHER AGE, ARTIFACTS OF ANOTHER TIME... RELICS IN A TUNNEL MUSEUM... RADIOS, TIN CANS, NEWSPAPERS, LANTERNS, TOOLS, CONTAINERS, CANDLES, AND ONE THING MORE... A MAN!



WANT TO GET THE SCOOP ON WHAT'S GOIN' ON, KIDDIES? WELL, CAST YOUR GHOULISH GAZE INTO MY CRYSTAL BALL AND WE'LL TAKE A LOATHSOME LOOK INTO THE FEARFUL FUTURE... HOW FAR IN THE FUTURE? WELL, NOT TOMORROW, OR THE NEXT DAY... LET'S JUST SAY IT'S...



The Day After Doomsday!



RICHARD CALDWELL HAD SURVIVED. HE HAD NO CONCEPT OF HOW LONG HE HAD BEEN UNDERGROUND. PERHAPS DAYS, PERHAPS MONTHS, PERHAPS YEARS... THINGS HAD STARTED TO GO WRONG IN THE SHELTER, GENERATORS HAD FAILED, EQUIPMENT HAD BROKEN DOWN... TIME HAD SLIPPED FROM HIS GRASP, NOTHING WENT AS PLANNED. HE HAD BEGUN TO DIS, AND ENDED BY CLAWING... BUT HE HAD SURVIVED!



LIKE SOME PITIFUL FIGURE IN A NIGHTMARE, RICHARD CALDWELL BEGAN TO WALK THROUGH THE SEEMINGLY ENDLESS REACH OF UTTER RUIN...

HE COULD NOT STOP TO REST... SCATTERED STONE AND MORTAR BEGAN TO GIVE AWAY TO BARREN, BURNT EARTH... TWISTED GHOSTS OF TREES CROUCHED AGAINST THE WASTELAND...

I FOUGHT... KILLED TO HANG ON TO THAT SHELTER... SACRIFICED EVERYTHING TO STAY ALIVE... FOR THIS?

BEYOND THE CITY... IT WON'T BE SO BAD OUT THERE... SOUND TO BE BETTER...

NOT MUCH... BUT STUFF'S BEGINNING TO GROW UP HERE... LIVE!

I SURVIVED... IF I COULD DO IT THERE MIGHT BE...

O-OTHERS!



GRIPPED BY HORROR, CALDWELL STUMBBLED FORWARD...ALMOST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, HIS HANDS REACHED OUT, AS THOUGH POWERED BY THE VEY REVULSION HE FELT, TO THE WHITE OBJECT THAT HAD BEEN A FELLOW MAN.

FOR SOME TIME, HE PEERED AT THE THING IN HIS HANDS, FEELING IT GROW MORE REPULSIVE AS HE SPECULATED HOW IT AND ITS MATES MIGHT HAVE COME TO BE THERE. A CHILL PASSED THROUGH HIM AS HE SUDDENLY BECAME AWARE OF A SHADOW THAT HAD FALLEN OVER HIM...



HIDEOUS FLESH, INHUMAN TO
THE TOUCH, CLUTCHED AND GRAB-
BED AT CALDWELL'S OWN, AS
NIGHTMARE FEATURES PRESSED
CLOSE, FORCING HIM BACK,
STIFLING HIM, ABOUT TO DESTROY
HIM.



HIS MOIST FINGERS FLUMMLED AGAINST THE COLD STEEL AT HIS SIDE. THE WEAPON HAD NOT BEEN USED SINCE HIS EARLY DAYS IN THE SHELTER—EVEN AS CALDWELL SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER, HE COULD NOT BE SURE IT WOULD WORK...



CHEST HEAVING, BODY TREMBLING, CALDWELL ROSE ON SHAKY LEGS TO STARE DOWN IN DISBELIEF AT THE THING HE HAD JUST KILLED...

I-IT ALMOST GOT ME... JUST LIKE THESE OTHER POOR DEVILS IN THE GULLY! I MIGHT HAVE BEEN JUST ONE MORE SET OF BONES...

A SHUDDER PASSED THROUGH RICHARD CALDWELL, AND THE FULL IMPLICATION OF THE ATTACK SETTLED ON HIM LIKE AN ICY CHILL...

WHAT KIND OF WORLD HAVE I SAVED MYSELF FOR...? WHERE MONSTERS LIKE THAT PREY ON M-MEN AND...

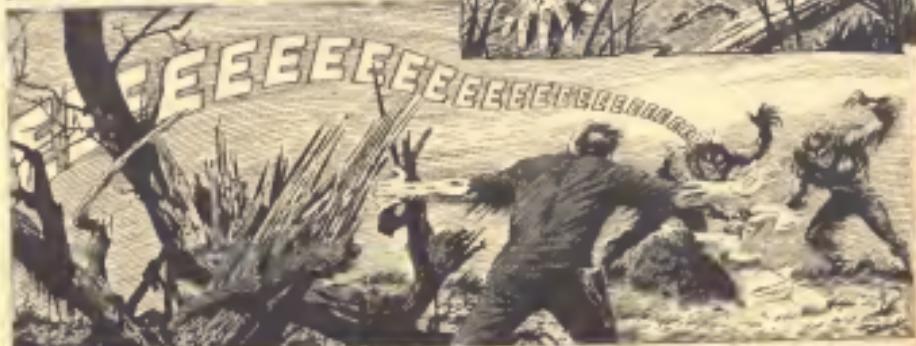


FAINT, BUT CLEAR, THE SOUND STRUCK THROUGH THE SILENT WORLD AT CALDWELL, SENDING HIM PLUNGING TOWARD THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH IT CAME...

THE CRIES GREW LOUDER AS CALDWELL PUSHED NEARER, HINTS OF BOTH HOPE AND HORROR GROWING WITHIN HIM...



I WON'T BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE THIS TIME... ANYONE DOES THE ATTACKING, IT'S GOING TO BE ME!



RAGE AND FURY SWELLED BEYOND FEAR
INSIDE CALDWELL AND BURST FORTH,
CALVANIZING HIM INTO ACTION...

NO, YOU #@%\$#@!!
NOOOOO !!



IMAGES OF THE BONES HE HAD FOUND
IN THE GULLY POUNDED IN CALDWELL'S
MIND AS HE RACED FORWARD THIS WAS
MORE THAN JUST SAVING THE GIRL, IT
WAS SURVIVAL... MANKIND OR THESE
MONSTRous FLESH-EATER !

BLAM!
KA-BLAM!



THE CREATURES WHIRLED IN PAIN AND SURPRISE
AS OVER AND OVER AGAIN, CALDWELL FIRED, DEAF
TO THEIR TERRIBLE SHREKS OF AGONY...

KA-BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!



THE HAMMER ECHOED ON
THE EMPTY CHAMBER, AND
HE WADED IN SWINGING
THE USELESS WEAPON
LIKE A CLUB... DRIVEN BY A
TERRIBLE FURY TO DESTROY
THESE THINGS THAT HUNTED
MEN DOWN LIKE SMALL
GAME ...

...UNTIL, AT LAST, IT WAS
OVER ?

W - WHO
ARE YOU...?



EXHAUSTED, IN A HOARSE VOICE GASPING FOR BREATH, HE EXPLAINED, AS SOFT FRIGHTENED EYES STUDIED HIM...

...B-BUT ... THESE THINGS ... WHERE DID THEY... COME FROM...



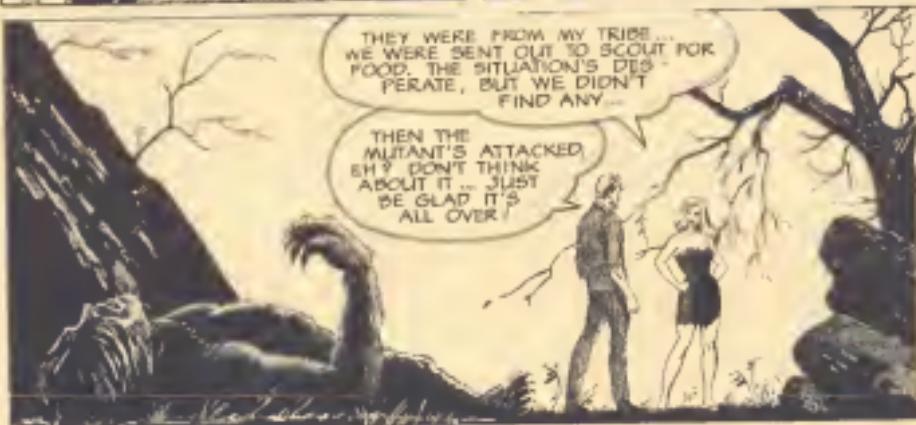
THEY'RE MUTANTS! RADIATION MADE THEM DIFFERENT THAN HUMANS... THEY'RE TRYING TO WIPE US OUT! BECAUSE OF THE FOOD PROBLEM...

EARLIER I SAW SOME BONES... FRESH...



THEY WERE FROM MY TRIBE. WE WERE SENT OUT TO SCOUT FOR FOOD. THE SITUATION'S DESPERATE, BUT WE DIDN'T FIND ANY...

THEN THE MUTANT'S ATTACKED EH? DON'T THINK ABOUT IT... JUST BE GLAD IT'S ALL OVER!

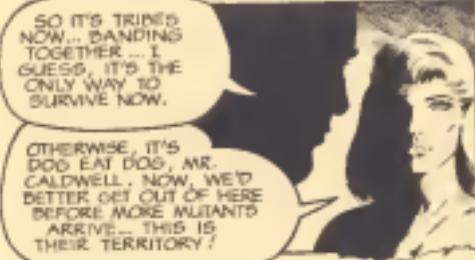


RICHARD CALDWELL MARVELED AT THE WAY THE GIRL HAD HELD UP TILL NOW, BUT HE HAD TO REMIND HIMSELF IT WAS A NEW WORLD, A HARDER ONE THAN HE HAD LEFT WHEN HE SEALED HIMSELF IN THE SHELTER...

HE FOLLOWED HER UNTIL NIGHTFALL.. HE CAUGHT THE SMELL OF FIRE AND THE SOUND OF VOICES... HUMAN VOICES...

THERE! THE HOME OF MY TRIBE... THEY'LL BE HAPPY TO SEE YOU!

AMID ALL THE HORROR AND DESOLATION I'VE SEEN TODAY, IT'S A WONDERFUL SIGHT...



AS HE APPROACHED, CALDWELL WAS GREETED BY SMILING, EAGER FACES. HE SMILED TO HIMSELF... JUST AS HE'D SURVIVED THE WARS OF THE LAST WORLD, HE'D SURVIVED THE MUTANTS AND DANGERS OF THIS NEW ONE...



THEN, A SUDDEN DOUBT OVERTOOK HIM...

BUT... IF THERE'S A FOOD PROBLEM, WON'T I BE JUST ONE MORE BURDEN FOR YOUR TRIBE?

NOT AT ALL, MR. CALDWELL...

JUST THE OPPOSITE!

WOK!

STUNNED AND BLEEDING, CALDWELL FOUND HIMSELF UNABLE TO RISE. HAZILY, HE COULD HEAR HER FLAT, ALMOST SNEERING WORDS...

USUALLY WE HAVE TO SETTLE FOR A MUTANT OR ONE OF OUR OWN AS A LAST MEASURE... LIKE THOSE FOOLS ON PATROL WITH ME! IT'S THE ONLY WAY LEFT, MR. CALDWELL!

OF COURSE THE MUTANTS KEEP TRYING TO STOP US. CHANGE US, BUT THERE AREN'T MANY OF THEM.



...AND THEY'RE STRICT VEGETARIANS!

WE MAY BE LEAVING RICHARD CALDWELL IN THE DARK, BUT LET'S RUSH ON TO THROW SOME LIGHT ON MY NEXT LITTLE HORROR HAPPENING!



THE LEERING FACES LOOMED CLOSER AND CLOSER UNTIL DARKNESS COVERED RICHARD CALDWELL, A HIDIOUS DARKNESS THAT NOW HUNG HEAVILY ABOVE ALL SURVIVORS OF THE DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY!

CARE TO TICKLE YOUR TERROR TASTEBUDS AND SAMPLE SOME SPINE STAGGERING WHINES...SCREAM TEAM? WHILE I POUR THE LORE GORE... YOU TAKE CARE THIS NEXT DREADFUL HEAD FULL OF FRIGHTERY DOESN'T DRAIN YOUR BRAIN WHILE I MAKE...

ROOM for a GUEST

I HAD NOT BEEN IN CHAPELLE LA BOURG FOR MUCH LONGER THAN TWO DAYS, WHEN QUITE WITHOUT WARNING I RECEIVED A RATHER URGENT AND UNUSUAL MESSAGE IMPLORING ME TO HASTEN TO ...

CHATEAU BOUSSAC ... THERE SHE IS MONSIEUR! THE HOME OF THE MARQUIS ... BUT WE MUST HURRY...

AS BOTH THE VILLAGE AND THE MARQUIS BOUSSAC WERE UNKNOWN TO ME UNTIL MY RECENT VISIT... MY CURIOSITY WAS MATCHED ONLY BY MY IMPATIENCE TO LEARN OF WHAT SERVICE I MIGHT BE TO MY MYSTERIOUS HOST.

FOR IN TRAVELING ABOUT THE CONTINENT IN MY AMBITIOUS SEARCH FOR LOST AND LEGENDARY NECROMANCY... WHICH I HAD BEEN COMPILING FOR A BOOK... I HAD GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO THE WRINKLE OF UNUSUAL SITUATIONS.

AMH... MONSIEUR JULIAN THATCHER... HOW GOOD OF YOU TO COME. I AM THE MARQUIS BOUSSAC.

NOT ONLY DID THE REMARKABLE APPEARANCE OF THE GENTLEMAN UPSET MY OTHERWISE STIFF COMPOSURE... BUT AT THE MENTION OF MY NAME, I CAN RECALL, THAT MY FACE FULLY REVEALED MY SURPRISE AS I HASTENED TO EXPLAIN...

I WAS RETURNING FROM DES TIERCE WHEN WORD OF YOUR INVITATION MET ME ON THE WAY... ONE OF YOUR SERVANTS I IMAGINE...

YES... I HOPE YOU WILL FORGIVE MY AWKWARD BEHAVIOR, I HAVE ALWAYS MADE IT A HABIT TO BE... DISCRETE.

AND... DID YOU FIND ANYTHING THERE MR THATCHER... PERHAPS A TALE OR TWO ABOUT THE FABLED SORCERESS GENIEVE?

SO YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THAT LEGEND MARQUIS BOUSSAC... I SEE WE HAVE MUCH IN COMMON...

NO MATTER... SOME DAY WHO KNOWS... YOU ARE STILL HERE AS MY GUEST SO WELL MY FRIEND... TOMORROW I HAVE ORDERED A BANQUET IN YOUR HONOR.

I'M MOST FLATTERED MARQUIS BOUSSAC... PERHAPS ONE DAY I MAY BE ABLE TO RETURN YOUR FAVORS.

PERHAPS MONSEUR THATCHER... PERHAPS...

AND WHILE IT WAS SOMETIME BEFORE I WOULD ALLOW THE VISION OF MY MIND TO BE BLURRED BY SLEEP... WHEN I FINALLY FELL INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS, I THOUGHT I HEARD THE LOW MURMUR OF A VOICE...



EVEN MY VERY DREAMS THAT FIRST EVENING SEEMED PLAUGED WITH THE AGONY OF MUTED SUFFERING... AND I TOSSSED THE REMAINDER OF THE NIGHT IN TORTURED UNREST...



BUT THE FOLLOWING MORNING... I HAD ONLY THE FAINT FEELING OF SOME FADED IMAGES... SHROUDING MY MEMORY IN THE MYSTERY OF A DREAM I COULD NOT REMEMBER.

HMM... I SEEM TO RECALL SLEEPING WELL... YET I FEEL SO TIRED... STRANGE.



I NEVER GO TO THE VILLAGE MR. THATCHER... THERE IS NO NEED TO REMEMBER TONIGHT... THE BANQUET!

I SHALL BE BACK LONG BEFORE THEN... AND WITH A HEARTY APPETITE TO BE SURE!

SOMEHOW THE TINY VILLAGE APPEARED TO HAVE CHANGED. AND A FEELING NOT UNLIKE ONE GETS IN A GRAVEYARD SLOWLY CRIED THROUGH MY BONES...

AND I QUICKLY LEARNED THAT MY PRESENCE WAS NO MORE WANTED THAN IT WAS WELCOMED!

ODD... I KNEW THAT MAN. HE OFFERED TO ROOM AND BOARD ME WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED. NOW SEE HOW HE AVOIDS ME!



WHEN FINALLY I DID MANAGE TO SECURE SOME SCANT ARTICLES I NEEDED... AND ONLY THEN AFTER TOSSED MY COINS TO THE KEEPER... AS I WAS PREPARING TO LEAVE IN A SURGE OF MOUNTING ANGER...

BE CAUTIOUS JULIAN THATCHER... WE CANNOT HELP YOU ANY LONGER...

WAIT... OLD WOMAN...



THAT EVENING I SOON FORGOT THE PUZZLING OLD WOMAN ... AND MY RAGE... IN THE SHRIIL PEEL OF LAUGHTER THAT RANG ACROSS THE HALL OF THE MARQUIS'S CHATEAU. DELEGACIES LAY PILED IN SUCCULENT HEAPS UPON THE TABLES... WHILE LACED WOMEN GLIDED WITH THE MIST OF THEIR PERFUME ACROSS THE GUAMMING MARBLE FLOOR, I WAS AROUNDENED!



ON AND ON THE MADNESS WHIRLED... AND WHEN THE LAST GUEST HAD SUCCLIMED TO THE WILD SPELL OF THE CELEBRATION... I SUDDENLY NOTICED THAT MY HOST HAD QUIETLY SLIPPED AWAY...



I LEFT THE DWARF ACROBAT SPINNING HIMSELF OVER AND OVER... TO FOLLOW THE LONG CORRIDORS WRAPPED IN THE SILENCE OF THE STIRRING DAWN...

...UNTIL I CHANCED TO FIND THE MARQUIS IN HIS LIBRARY...DEEP IN THE PAGES OF SOME PONDEROUS BOOK...

I WONDER WHERE THE MARQUIS MIGHT BE OFF TO... —

THERE YOU ARE MARQUIS BOUSSAC... HAVE YOU HAD YOUR FILL OF WINE ... AND FOO...



EAT WELL MY FRIEND... OR WOULD YOU RATHER FILL YOUR MIND WITH VISIONS OF BLACK MAGIC ... HAHHA

COME IN MR. THUTCHER ... COME IN...

BOUSSAC... THE
MISSAL... THE
BLACK BOOK OF
SATAN... HOW???



YES JULIAN...
THE TRUE
BLACK MUSICAL
WRITTEN BY
SATAN HIMSELF
TO INVOKE HIS
POWER FOR ALL
ETERNITY!

BUT YOU SAID
YOUR ANCESTORS
BURNED YOUR LIBRARY...
HOW THEN THIS...

OH THEY DID
JULIAN... PAGE BY
PAGE... THEY FASHIONED
MY LIBRARY OF EVIL
AS SURELY AS
YOU DID...

...AND THEM...

THEY HELPED...
WITH THEIR CRIMES... WAS BUT A
THEIR CORRUPT DESIRES... THEY TOO,
THEY TOO... TO FIND AN AN-
SUGHT EVIL JULIAN...

BUT... MINE
WAS BUT A
TASK... A NEED
TO FIND AN AN-
SWER FOR MY
BOOK...



AND YOU PERFORMED
IT WELL, JULIAN THATCHER.
FOR YOU HAVE FILLED ALSO
THE PAGES OF YOUR SOUL...

THEN THIS...
THIS IS...

OF COURSE... MY
FOOLISH FRIEND... DID
YOU SUSPECT THAT
YOU COULD SPEND
YOUR WHOLE LIFE
SEEKING THE DEVIL...

AT ONCE MY BRAIN FELT MOLTEN...
THE PIERCE SHRIEK OF WHITE-HOT
AGONY POKING THE VISION FROM
MY SIGHTLESS EYES! I COULD ONLY
COUGH ONE LAST WHISPER FROM
THE SULPHUR CHOKED PRISON OF
MY THROAT... AND THEN...



BOY WAS JULIAN
BURNT UP ABOUT THAT.
HERE HE FIGURED HE WAS
HOT ON THE TRAIL OF
SOME DEVILISH DIS-
COVERY... AND POOR...
OLD BEELZEBUB
BLISTERED HIM GOOD...
UCH...



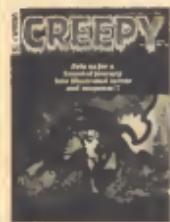
**THIS IS UNCLE CREEPY
SPEAKING, FIENDS...
SHOWING YOU HOW TO
GET CREEPY
BACK ISSUES
AND
WHILE YOU'RE AT IT...
USE THE COUPON FOR
A SUBSCRIPTION!!!!!**



...MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS OR BACK ISSUES OF CREEPY.

Expresso is payment line. CREEPY MAGAZINE BACK ISSUE
 Collector's Edition #1 (\$4.00) Box #5907 Grand Central Station
 Second Street Issue #3 (\$1) New York, New York 10167
 The Four-Page Special (\$1.25)

All Options Work
in a Stable Environment



NOW! GET THESE ACTION COMIC COLLECTOR'S ITEMS!!



Collector's Edition #1



Second Great Issue



Hard-Hitting Issue #3



Every Issue #4

Limited copies are still available of this thrill-packed comic mag produced by the same artists and writers who give you CREEPY and EERIE! Just clip the coupon and send today for year copies of this powerful package of explosive fury no true collector would want to be without . . .

BLAZING COMBAT MAGAZINE!

BLAZING COMBAT
BACK ISSUE DEPT
Box #5907 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10167

All Copies Mailed in a Sturdy
Envelope for Protection.

- I enclose \$1.00 for the Second Great Issue
 I enclose \$1.00 for the Hard Hitting Issue
 I enclose \$1.00 for the Fiery #4 Issue

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

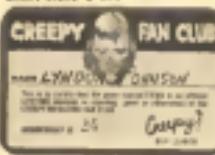
STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____

THE CREEPY FAN CLUB? WHAT'S
IN IT FOR ME?!



FULL COLOR PORTRAIT IS
GIANT-SIZED 8"X10"



8 1/2" x 5"
FULL-COLOR PIN

MEMBERSHIP CARD SHOWN HALF SIZE

JUST WHAT ALL YOU LIL DEMONS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!!

Cross your erbs around the page . . . It can all be yours! An 8x10 FULL COLOR portrait of your favorite fiend, UNCLE CREEPY by that master of the monstrous, FRANK FRAZETTA, suitable for framing . . . The OFFICIAL CLUB PIN (Shown half size below), full color and sturdy constructed . . . And the pocket-size MEMBERSHIP CARD printed on strong high quality paper stock, also shown half size! Once you get this fearfully fan kit, you're eligible to submit drawings and stories for print in the FAN CLUB PAGE appearing in every issue of CREEPY! Just send the coupons below . . . NOW!

CREEPY FAN CLUB P.O. Box 5907 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10167

Here's my dollar for a lifetime membership in the most ghastly great fan club going, which entitles me to a big 8" club pin, membership card with my own personal number, and full-color portrait of my favorite fiend, UNCLE CREEPY!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



There goes the GORE GONG . . . gone. While your RANK REFEREE is getting swings started . . . you grab a ringside seat for our next RETCH ROUND of rip-roaring revolution!

Rattling Robbie Edwards, CREEPY CLUBBER #2744, from Muncie, Indiana seems to have found an astounding solution to the starting question:

WHO ARE WE?

Norman Brady, the famous research scientist, had just received his new electron microscope which he had ordered according to his personal specifications. He was very excited about using it since the unit was stronger than anything previously available. He placed a speck of ordinary garden grit upon the slide and turned on the microscope to medium magnification. As he was examining the structure of the tiny particle, he suddenly thought he saw something move. Slowly, he increased the power of the sensitive scope and the realization came to him that he was witnessing a rather amazing sight. As the microscope came into maximum focus, it revealed what appeared to be a tiny city within the speck. Excluded Brady focused and refocused bringing his vision upon what seemed to be a large building. At the furthest scope of the magnification, he could just barely see small figures walking in and out. They appeared to be humanoids. Startled, he set back and tried to comprehend what this startling discovery meant. A tiny world of obviously intelligent beings who could erect complicated buildings! As he sat there in that state of first discovery, suddenly Norman felt someone's eyes watching him, but from behind. He glanced up from the microscope quickly but could find no one in the room with him. As he re-turned to the unit once



Blazing BRIAN CLIFTON of Fort Lauderdale, Florida sends us a sportin' Spartan who's mighty serious about something. Looks like this wild warrior is really on the wrath path . . .

again, he couldn't help feeling someone was looking over his shoulder . . . and when he had turned to see who, so she was there! You ever had that feeling? END

Now that your crusty Cousin EERIE and I have cooked up our "CAULDRON COMTEST" for all you connoisseurs who'd care to contribute a concoction . . . I thought I'd give tut-tutting the gas and pass him up with these sheltering suggestions for your several meal. Since you'd probably rather read your rot in NY muttinating mean anyhow . . . why wait for old gurgle gut to give out with the news. Hopefully, their hungry will help you harass our hamlet jury of jarmy judges . . . enough maybe to win the WARREN whetful of wacky wampan. So, good luck with your much . . . NOOB!

Once you've imagined an idea mad enough to muddle our sanity, you might want to copy it down first as a short story. This will help you to picture the sequence of your being writing, and simplify the problem of breaking it down into suitable script form. Most of the related managing manu-

scripts that are used in CREEPY and EERIE . . . YECCHHH . . . are short stories that end with a belief. You might like to try this technique of telling a story although you may use any method you wish. If you decide to try a surprise story, remember that the explosive impact of a shock ending can turn out to be just a puff of smoke if you live it from a bad plot. Putting a tremendous climax into the middle of a shaky plot is kinda like shoving a lion into the arms of a bridge. You can't expect him to carry that monster without collapsing somewhere along the way. Make sure you keep your plot as well as your finish . . . interesting!

Now you ought to determine the number of numbering pages and perifying panels your score fare will fit. Usually, six to eight pages, and three to six panels per page is a pretty good low score to make. Too long a story may seem overdone, while too many panels can crowd what the artist is trying to say. With this in mind, start conjuring up your devils' dirt. A script is most often divided into two parts, the first called the "action" which

describes what each panel will LOOK like and the "text" which explains what panels will SAY. While no standard rule has been set for the construction of this division, a popular method is to first write in the action on the left side of the page, then put in the text on the right side. Or you can describe the action across the entire page and fill in the text underneath. Our own emaciated editor prefers this method since he feels it is the most comfortable way for him to tell the story. whichever way you decide to do your script, choose the most comfortable for your own style. When describing the action for the artist, don't be afraid to create a mood since your visual direction will serve as a guide later on. Try not to leave out any frightening facts our pen men should know about, remember that a testy terror treat is only as good as the boy who cooks it all up.

When you've completed your scream theme, check it over a few times by reading it aloud. This can aid in tightening up the smoothness of the plot. And don't forget ghouls . . . the light from my night lamp is terribly dim so keep your fear fest neat! That's about it for your wit but fear folks . . . what more can you old Uncle say except I hope your scratch piece caps top prize! The gang going here at peng parlor hope these little horner Nuts make it your inspiration we into CREEPY . . . oops almost forgot . . . or EERIE. So until then keep those tales waggin' into our doom den . . . cause we can't wait to bark out the names of our winners!

Hey Gang West, join the Creepy Fan Club and get your numbered membership card, big full-color club pin, and full-color portrait of Uncle Creepy! Just send \$1.00 to:

CREEPY FAN CLUB
32 E. 42nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10017

Now, MERRY MONSTERS, let's look back some thirty years and find out the GHOULISH Gossip on Roland Bryce... It's a startling story of the SILVER SCREAM which I call...

TYPECAST!

NOW AT LAST VENGEANCE SHALL BE MINE!

36



CUT! SORRY, ROLAND, BUT CAN'T YOU GET MORE SPIRIT INTO IT?

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! NO REAL ACTOR HAS ANY BUSINESS GETTING INVOLVED WITH SUCH NONSENSE! I DIDN'T GIVE UP A STAGE CAREER TO PLAY HOBGOBLIN!

ROLAND, SWEETHEART, USE YOUR HEAD! I SWEATED BLOOD TO GET YOU THIS BREAK! THERE'S A DEPRESSION ON... ACTING JOBS ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN, BABY!

AND AS LONG AS YOU GET YOUR AGENT'S COMMISSION, YOU COULD CARE LESS WHAT THEY ARE... RIGHT, MANNY?



ART BY JERRY GRANDENETTI/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

THE STUDIO FIGURES TO MAKE MONEY ON THIS HORROR STUFF, ROLAND... YOU MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION AND THEY'LL COME SWALLOWS-LIKE FLIES WITH OFFERS! IT'S A DIPROBOARD KID... RIGHT INTO THE CLASSY PARTS!

WHAT'S THE USE? THE MATERIAL'S ROTTEN... THERE'S NOTHING TO WORK WITH... BUILD A PERFORMANCE ON...

HOW 'BOUT THE BACKGROUND STUFF... ATMOSPHERE... LIKE YOU USED TO DO IN NEW YORK? IF YOU PLAYED A LONGSHOREMAN, YOU'D HANG AROUND THE DOCKS... THAT KINDA THING!

MANNY... YOU MIGHT JUST HAVE SOMETHING!

IT WAS BIZARRE, EXCITING... JUST THE SORT OF SPARK HIS IMAGINATION NEEDED TO PUSH IT ABOVE THE FILM'S Tedium! AND ROLAND BRYCE WASTED NO TIME GIVING IT A TRY...

IT'S FANTASTIC! THE GRAVESTONES, THE WIND, THE CREAKING TREES... IT OPENS A WHOLE DIMENSION... GIVES THE FRIGHT I'M SUPPOSED TO PORTRAY VALIDITY!

WHO'S OUT THERE? WHO'S RUNNIN' AROUND?

THE SUDDEN CRY SENT HIM SCRAMBLING FOR COVER, HEART POUNDING WITH A HEADY MIXTURE OF FEAR AND EXHILARATION...

COULD RUIN MY CAREER IF I'M CAUGHT. CARETAKER'S A THREAT TO ME, JUST LIKE HE IS TO THE HUNCHBACK IN THE MOVIE. I FEEL ALMOST LIKE REACTING IN THE SAME VIOLENT WAY...

NOW!

THAT'S A TAKE!
BEAUTIFUL, ROLAND.
THAT WRAPS UP THE FILM!

YOU PULLED IT OUT OF THE FIRE, KID! THE FRONT OFFICE LOVES THE RUSHES. THEY'RE ALREADY HANDING OUT A NEW SCRIPT TO YOU... NOT EVEN WAITING FOR THE PREVIEWS!

GREAT, MANNY! WHAT SORT OF STORY WILL IT BE THIS TIME?

WELL... (HEH, HEH...) YOU DID SUCH A GREAT JOB IN THIS ONE, THEY INSISTED ON YOU MAKING ANOTHER HORROR FILM!

THAT WASN'T THE DEAL, MANNY! YOU DIDN'T ACCEPT THE SCRIPT, DID YOU... DID YOU?

LOOK, KID. YOU'RE NEW OUT HERE... WE CAN'T BUCK THE STUDIOS! BUT IF THIS SECOND FILM CLICKS LIKE THE FIRST, YOU'LL HAVE A REPUTATION, BE ESTABLISHED. THEN, WE CAN DEAL WITH THEM!

....JUNK! HORROR DRIVEN THAN THE FIRST ONE! MAD DOCTOR, RUNNING-AROUND, STEALING CORPSES, MUTILATING THEM... WHAT CAN I DO WITH A PART LIKE THAT? WHAT COULD I EVER DO TO MAKE MYSELF RELATE TO IT?

IN DISGUST, ROLAND RUSHED OUT INTO THE NIGHT... STALKING THE DARK STREETS, REPEATING THE QUESTIONS OVER, AND OVER AGAIN, UNTIL...

HEMSTON BRO.
UNDERTAKERS



BRILLIANT!
YOUR CLIENT DOES
THROUGH THIS BIT
LIKE HE WAS BORN
TO IT, MANNY!

ROLAND'S A
GOOD BOY...
DOES ALL RIGHT
BY THIS WEIRD
STUFF!

STUFF'S NOT MUCH WEIRDER
THAN LATELY YOU SEE THIS MORNING'S
PAPER, MANNY? SOMEONE STOLE A
CORPSE OUT OF A FUNERAL PARLOR
LAST NIGHT... THEY FINALLY FOUND
IT, HACKED UP AND MUTILATED!

HMMW...
WHOEVER DID IT
MUSTA PEERED AT
YOUR SCRIPT!

I WON'T EVEN LOOK
AT IT, MANNY! DON'T
YOU UNDERSTAND I HO
MORE HORROR SCRIPTS?
I'M SICK OF THEM... SICK!

SWEETHEART, DON'T DO
PRIMA DONNA ON ME NOW!
WE GOTTA KEEP YOUR
FACE IN FRONT OF THE
PUBLIC UNTIL THE QUAL-
ITY STUFF STARTS ROLLIN'
IN, OTHERWISE...

OKAY MANNY
OKAY... WHAT'S
THIS MASTERPIECE
ABOUT?

REAL GUTSY STUFF, YOU CAN
DO A LOT WITH IT. YOU PLAY
A DEVIL WORSHIPER, LOTTA.
BLOOD SACRIFICES TO DEMONS.
GIVES YOU A LOT TO
WORK WITH!

WHO'D WANT TO DO THAT TO A
POOR MUTT LIKE IT WAS LID
OUT FOR SACRIFICE...

PROBABLY SOME
KIND OF FANATIC
... CALIFORNIA'S
GOT MORE IN ITS
SHARE OF SCREWY
CULTS AND
RELIGIONS!

MANNY, YOU GOT TO GET ME OFF THE HOOK WITH THESE HORROR FILMS! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY DO TO ME... WHAT I HAVE TO DO TO MAKE ONE...

YOU GOT A BIG PUBLIC, KID... A FAT CONTRACT... IT'S KEEPING YOU IN THE MANNER TO WHICH YOU'VE BECOME ACCUSTOMED... DON'T KNOCK IT!

PLEASE, MANNY... IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING THROUGH...

YOU'RE GOING THROUGH TWO QUARTS A DAY! TAKE THE PLEDGE... AND LEAVE EVERYTHING ELSE TO UNCLE MANNY!



FILM AFTER FILM CAME AND WENT, EACH MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE LAST. EACH MORE DEMANDING IN THE DEPTHS THEY DROVE HIS OBSESSION IN PREPARING FOR THE ROLE...



HE CAME BUSTIN' IN LAST NIGHT, SEEIN' US TO LOOK HIM UP! STARTED CONFESSIN' TO EVERY LOONY CRIME ON THE BOOKS... WELL YOU SETTLED WITH THE BAILIFF, YOU'RE WELCOME TO HIM!

GET ME SOME OTHER KIND OF PICTURE, MANNY... YOU'VE GOT TO! I CAN'T DO ANY MORE OF THOSE HORROR JOBS, I CAN'T... YOU KNOW I CAN'T...



EASY NOW KID BABY... YOU'RE RUN DOWN... EXHAUSTED. I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING OKAY? JUST RELAX... RELAX!

ROLAND! EVERYONE'S WAITING
ON THE SET... YOU HAVEN'T EVEN
GOTTEN YOUR MAKE-UP ON...

HAVE YOU SEEN THE
SCRIPT, MANNY? DID YOU
EVEN LOOK AT THE SCRIPT?
THE BIG-CHANG-E-OF-FACE
SCRIPT?

OH, YEAH... TOO BAD
KID! THIS IS THE LAST
PICTURE ON YOUR CON-
TRACT... HORROR'S LOSING
MONEY, YOU'LL BE ON YOUR
OWN, MAYBE YOU CAN
GET A DIFFERENT TYPE
SCRIPT THEN...

BUT AREN'T YOU
INTERESTED IN THIS
ONE, MANNY? ALL
ABOUT AN INSANE
STRANGER, DOESN'T
THAT INTEREST
YOU? DON'T YOU WANT
TO HELP ME PREPARE?

THANK YOU, MANNY,
THANK YOU! SO GLAD YOU'RE ABLE TO HELP! NOW YOU KNOW, MANNY... WHAT IT TAKES TO
PLAY A ROLE LIKE GUS... YOU HAVE TO GET INTO THE
CHARACTER... SUBMERGE YOURSELF INTO HIS EMOTIONS,
HIS ACTS... HIS WORLD... NOW YOU
KNOW, MANNY!

MR. BRYCE,
EVERYONE'S
STILL WAITIN'
AREN'T YOU READY
YET--- HEY!
WHAT'S GOING
ON IN HERE?

THIS GENTLEMAN WAS GOOD ENOUGH
TO HELP ME... TO HELP ME REHEARSE
... HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
ENOUGH TO... **HELP ME...**

HEY, SOMEBODY!
GET A COP, FR GOSH
SAKE, **GET A COP!**

JUST A LITTLE
REHEARSAL...
HEE HEE HEE...
JUST A LITTLE
RUN THROUGH...
HEH, HEH, TO
PREPARE...

EPILOGUE: The director peered in dismay at the sheath of papers in his hand, then glared at the doctor standing in front of his desk...

BUT THIS IS MONSTROUS! HOW COULD RELEASE-APPROVAL DATA FOR ONE MAN END UP IN ANOTHER'S FILE?

THE NAME SIMILARITY, SIR... BRYCE SHOULD HAVE BEEN RELEASED INSTEAD OF BRYCE!

OUT PATIENT CLINIC? WHAT KIND OF EMPLOYMENT INFORMATION DO YOU HAVE ON BRYCE, ROLAND S.T.?

OF COURSE, BRYCE WAS RARELY VIOLENT WHILE HERE... ONCE REMOVED FROM ACTING, HE ACTUALLY SECURED A DECENT SORT...



RESPONSIBILITY AND TRUST PROBABLY DID HIM A WORLD OF GOOD... WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE PICTURE?

IN THE SAME INSTANT AS THE TITLE WAS REPEATED OFF THE DIRECTOR'S TONGUE, BOTH MEN'S EYES RIVETED IN HORROR TO THE NEWSPAPER ON THE DESK BEFORE THEM.



GOOD TO SEE OL' ROLAND IS ABLE TO START CARVING OUT A NAME FOR HIMSELF AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... BUT, THEN WHAT ELSE COULD YOU EXPECT FROM SUCH A DEAD-LICED PERFORMER!

HERE'S AN EROTIC SNOWGLOBE... CHILLING ENOUGH TO CHIP THE
ENAMEL OFF YOUR CHATTERING CUPIDS! BUNDLE UP, ALL YOU BEWILDERED
BARBARIANS... AND I'LL SEND A STINGING SHIVER UP YOUR SHAKING SPINE
WHILE WE SEARCH FOR...

A SILVER DREAD AMONG THE GOLD

EXHAUSTED BY THEIR TREACHEROUS CLIMB,
THE THREE MOUNTAINERS COLLAPSE INTO
THE SOFT BLANKET OF POWDERED SNOW...

WE'VE BEEN
CLIMBING FOR
HOURS, ERIC...
HOW MUCH
LONGER...

WE MUST TRY AND
BUILD A FIRE... THERE'S
A SMALL CREVISE OVER
THERE... IT WILL GIVE US
SOME SHELTER...

(GUNTER)... HERE IS
THE LEDGE GUSTAV
... IF THE MAP IS
TRUE... IT'S NOT
MUCH FURTHER...

GUNTER...
YOU HAVE THE
EQUIPMENT
SAFELY PUT
AWAY...

WHAT BUT WHY HAVE WE
COME HERE NOW... IN
BETTER WEATHER THE
CLIMB WOULD HAVE BEEN
EASIER...

THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO... THERE ROAMED THESE VERY LANDS... A GREAT VIKING PRINCE... A RUTHLESS LEADER OF MEN... WHO HAD CONQUERED MANY NATIONS...



SOMEWHERE AMONG THOSE ROCKS... HIDDEN IN AN ANCIENT TOMB... THERE LIES THE BODY OF...



BJORN! PRINCE OF THE VIKINGS...!

DIE SCUM OF THIS EARTH... LET YOUR BLOOD QUENCH THE DIRT YOU GROVEL IN...



THIS DID THIS CHAMPION DECIDE ALL WHO CHALLENGED HIM... INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH... AND THUS IT CAME TO PASS... ON THE CRIMSON BATTLE-FIELD OF A MURDEROUS SEIGE...

MIGHTY PRINCE... A LONG WARRIOR APPROACHES... SHALL WE CUT HIM DOWN?

NO!
NOW COMES THEIR FINEST GLADIATOR TO DO ME COMBAT... PREPARE TO STAND THE ARMY ASIDE...



THEN...



SVEN... LEGENDED TO BE IMMORTAL... AND BJORN... RULER OF ALL VIKINGS... STOOD AT LAST FACING EACH OTHER... PREPARED FOR THE FIRST RUEFUL OF BATTLE...



WITH EACH CLANG OF THEIR MORTAL BROADSWORDS
SINGING THROUGH THE STAINED AIR LIKE BLOODY
SCYTHES... IT SEEMED CERTAIN THAT BJORN
WAS THE MURSTER...

SCAVANGER OF THE KING--
DO YOU CURSE IN
DOMINION... HOW TASTE A
VIKING'S METAL!

HAH
HAH
HAH
HAH

HIS THROAT BURNING... THE BREATH FROM HIS
BODY CHOKING HIM... BJORN SWIFTLY DREW
HIS DAGGER AND SEVERED THE CLUTCHING
HAND

DEMON!! YOU FIGHT
WITH BLACK TRICKERY...
YOU HAVE CURSED YOUR
SOUL

VIKING PIG... THE GODS HAVE
DELIVERED YOUR FATE INTO MY
HAND... DOOM IS THE DESTINY OF
YOUR FOOLISHNESS...

FORB THIS EDGE CUTS
THE SOUL FROM YOUR
SHOULDERS... AHHHH!

BY THE WRATH OF VALHALLA...
THIS IS MADNESS... CAN IT
NOTHING DESTROY YOU?

WITH THE FURY OF A WILD ANIMAL... RAGE SEETHING IN HIS BURNING BRAIN
... BJORN FELL BELOW IRON BLOW AT THE HORROR BEFORE HIM. FINALLY IN
EXHAUSTION... NOTHING REMAINED BUT THE MUDDY GROUND... SOAKED IN
CRIMSON RED DEATH!

OOOOPPDIHHHH!! YOU
HAVE GIVEN ME THE VICTORY
A WARNING TO ALL WHO DARE
CHALLENGE... BJORN...
PRINCE OF THE
VIKINGS!

BY OPEN... WHAT
MANNER OF MAGIC IS
THIS... YOUR LIFE SPLASHES
LIKE WASTED WINE
... YET YOU LIVE...

FOOL!...
BETTER HAD
YOU CHALLENGED
THE DEVIL...

WE PAY YOU HOMAGE GREAT VIKING... AND BEG MERCY! YOU HAVE DEFEATED SVEN THE IMMORTAL...

WHAT MADNESS DO YOU SPEAK OLD MAN... HIS IMMORTALITY WAS THE DEVIL'S HANDIWORK...

NOT SO WARRIOR PRINCE... FOR SVEN HAD SEEN THE WIZARD... SCARON... THERE IN THE CURSED NORTHLAND... HE WAS MADE IMMORTAL...

A WIZARD... THEN HE WILL MAKE ME IMMORTAL ALSO... YOU WILL BRING THIS MAGICIAN TO ME... NOW!

I KNOW NOTHING OF THIS DEVIL'S DESCIPLE... ONLY THAT SVEN FOUND HIM IN THE DEAD LANDS...

OUT THERE... HA... YOU ARE AFRAID OLD MAN... BUT NOT I... I WILL FIND THIS SORCERER... AND THEN BJORN WILL BE TRULY THE GREATEST VIKING ALIVE...

...AND I SHALL LIVE... FOREVER!

AND THEY SAY THAT BJORN DISAPPEARED INTO THE NAKED WAGELANDS OF THE FORBIDDEN NORTH... WHEN HE DID NOT RETURN... HIS MEN MOURED HIM FOR DEAD...



THEN MANY MONTHS LATER....



SUDDENLY THE HUGE DOOR FLUNG OPEN... AND THERE IN THE HOWLING BLAST OF THE STORM - HIS FACE FROZEN BENEATH AN ICY MASK - STOOD...

BJORN HAD RETURNED BUT THE JOURNEY HAD MADDENED HIS MIND, WRAPPED IN A GOLDEN SHROUD... TO RESTRAIN HIS WILD MEMORIES... THE WARRIORS LISTENED TO THE OBSCURE WORDS WHICH SCARON THE WIZARD HAD SUMMONED... DURING THE FINAL BATTLE BETWEEN THEM...



THROUGH THE NEXT MONTHS... ALTHOUGH THE SECRET OF IMMORTALITY WAS NOW HIS... BJORN HAD LOST HIMSELF TO A HORSE FATE...

ETERNAL DAMNATION!

ALMOST ONE YEAR NOW... HE DOES NOT GET BETTER. EVERY MONTH IT IS WORSE... BETTER HE WERE DEAD...

... THEN HE WOULD FIND HIS PEACE... IN VALHALLA...



...THAT WAS OVER A THOUSAND YEARS AGO... AND MY ANCESTORS MARKED THIS GROT AS BJORN'S TOMB... I HAVE ONLY TO PRESS THIS SMALL STONE...

LOOK, THE MOUNTAIN IS OPENING... IT'S SOME SORT OF SECRET DOOR...

ERIC... THERE ON THE SHIELD... IT MUST BE BJORN... SEE HOW THE GOLD SHROUD BINDS HIM...!!

COME... WE HAVE FOUND THE TREASURE OF THE VIKING PRINCE... WE HAVE FOUND THE GOLDEN SHROUD!

GUSTAV... GUNTER... LOOK... ANOTHER SHROUD... SILVER... PURE SILVER...

HE MUST HAVE BEEN A MIGHTY WARRIOR... TO HAVE WRAPPED HIM IN SUCH FORTUNE... GOLD AND SILVER SHROUDS...

GOOD LORD... HIS FACE... HE SEEMS TO BE ALIVE!

DON'T BE FOOLISH GUNTER... IT IS ONLY A LEGEND... FROZEN LIKE THIS... THE COLD HAS PRESERVED HIM...

IN HIS SHOENESS... THE VIKING MUST HAVE SOUGHT GREAT TREASURES... WHY ELSE ALL THIS TROUBLE...

DIDN'T THE LEGEND SAY HE WAS WRAPPED IN THE SHROUD TO KEEP HIM FROM HIS OWN MADNESS...

WHAT MADNESS COULD HE HAVE SUFFERED... TO CAUSE HIM TO BE WRAPPED IN GOLD AND... SILVER... UNLESS...

BRRRRR...
THERE'S A TREMBLING TRIO OF BJORN'S GOING TO STOP **COLD**... OUGHT TO TEACH THEM A LESSON... WAKING A GUY IN THE MIDDLE OF A FRIGHT... NOT... RICH ONE ON THEM....

FROM BEYOND THE THREE MEN CAME AN IMMORTAL GROWL... ERIC HAD FOUND HIS TREASURE... AND LEARNED THE SECRET OF BJORN'S IMMORTALITY... AND BJORN WAS FREE AGAIN... PRINCE OF THE WAGGONS!!!

End.

WILD, NEW ADVENTURE LP RECORDS—ONLY \$1.98



CAPTAIN COMPANY

P.O. Box 1987 Grand Central Station New York, New York 10017

Please rush me the following LP RECORD PLATING ALBUMS:

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> WAR OF THE WORLDS, \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. | <input type="checkbox"/> JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. | <input type="checkbox"/> DINOSAURS!, \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. | <input type="checkbox"/> AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. | <input type="checkbox"/> KING KONG, \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE FIRST MAN IN THE MOON, \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. | <input type="checkbox"/> OFFICIAL ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN, \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVENTURES OF FLASH GORDON, \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE INVISIBLE MAN, \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. | | |
- NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

WE HERE AT WARREN ARE JUST "BUBBLING" OVER ABOUT... UNCLE CREEPY AND COUSIN EERIE'S **CAULDRON CONTEST**

ORDER...ORDER IN THE COURT! THIS OFFICIAL CONTEST IS NOW IN SESSION/ AWAITING TRIAL WILL BE ALL CONTRIBUTIONS SENT IN BY OUR CAPTIVE CONTESTANTS... SO IF THE DIABOLICAL DEFENDANTS WILL PLEASE RISE... FROM THEIR COFFINS... YOUR JUDICIOUS JESTER OF JUVENILE JUSTICE, COUSIN EERIE... WILL ENTER AS EVIDENCE ALL THE FETID FACTS NECESSARY TO REACH A VILE VERDICT. OF COURSE THE USUAL JOLTING JURY OF OGRES AND DEMONS HAS BEEN SELECTED TO DELIVER THE FINAL DECISION... SO... YOUR HONOR IF YOU PLEASE...

HARROWPHIL... YES... WELL... UNBELIEVABLE AS THIS MAY "SCREAM"... BEING THE DUTIFUL DUO WE ARE... YOUR SONNY BUDDY AND I DECIDED TO ANNOUNCE A STIFF PENALTY FOR YOU INSANE INMATES WHO LIKE TO DO A STRETCH IN OUR MAGS. THE ONLY CRIME YOU'LL HAVE TO COMMIT IS TO CREATE AN ORIGINAL STORY FOR OUR CHURNING CAULDRON. YOUR WRETCHED STORY WILL THEN BE INHUMANLY JUDGED... AND IF YOU'RE FOUND GUILTY... WELL, SENTENCE YOU TO BE PENNED UP IN OUR PALTRY FROST PRISON FOR A MONTH. OF COURSE WE'RE SO MACHIAVISCUS WE WON'T EVEN PROVIDE ANY BREAD OR WATER FOR HIGHLIGHTS OFF YOUR HUNGER PAINS... BUT MAYBE A LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION TO CREEPY AND EERIE WILL FATTEN UP YOUR FAMINE-RIVEN FRAMES A BIT. SO LET'S GO CHAIN GANG... UNLOCK THAT TERROR TALE HIDING IN YOUR CRANIAL DUNGEON, AND ENTER OUR... CAULDRON STORY CONTEST!"

OFFICIAL RULES for our READERS' STORY CONTEST

1. All stories must be typed neatly and should be 6, 7, or 8 pages long when actually drawn by our artists (this means that stories should be about 3 typewritten pages).
2. All stories must be original; no adaptations accepted.
3. Subject matter must fall into one of the following categories:

MONSTERS
SCIENCE FICTION
FANTASY/HORROR
PSYCHOLOGICAL TERROR TALES

4. Contest closes at midnight, December 15, 1968. All entries must be postmarked before then. Winners in each category will

have their stories drawn and published—and will receive the original artwork, plus a lifetime subscription to both CREEPY and EERIE.

5. All entries become the permanent property of Warren Publishing Company, and no stories will be returned. Winners will be announced in future issues.

6. Authors may enter competing entries in all Warren Publishing Company publications or their imprints. Contest is subject to Federal, State and Local regulations.

7. Send your original stories to:
CREEPY/EERIE STORY CONTEST
Warren Publishing Company
22 E. 42nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10017